Drink Up, Baby

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Drink Up, Baby

by DancingSkys

Summary

The best thing Namjoon could do for a stressed out Yoongi was making him able to relax and let go of all his responsibilities. Though his method might not be the usual approach it was just as successfull.

Notes

I know this took a bit longer but I wanted to write one of the requests I got on Tumblr. If the anon is reading this I hope you'll like it and maybe give me some feedback because I includeed a lot of things you haven't mentioned in your ask just because I was suddenly inspired and connected to my inner kinky side... that sounds strange... forget I said anything.
Now, because I think it's important to say this: Yoongi is more than okay with everything that's going on. I wrote it in the story as well but just wanted to mention it again. Consent is important, kids.

I'm honestly pretty pleased with how this turned out, maybe that'll change once I read it again tomorrow.... *laughs... turns around and cries in a corner*
Anyway, maybe I'll upload my safeword story next, we'll see what I feel like doing.
I hope you'll like it~

Hit me up on Tumblr if you wanna talk or have any kind of requests~: DancingSkys

“Drink up, baby,” Namjoon said, handing Yoongi a big glass of water. The student sent him an unsure glance, not quite knowing where this suddenly came from but he obeyed, taking the glass in his hands and drinking, taking some small breaks in between. He had never been a fan of just plain water, he preferred juices like mango juice, apple juice or orange juice, maybe mixed with water but never just plain water. It was just so… *plain* and it didn’t taste like anything and it didn’t really help to sooth his thirst and he would just drink some of his juice afterwards anyway but if his dom told him to drink water he did so without questions.

He sat the glass down onto the coffee table once he was done, going back to his homework and trying to solve a task, furrowing his eyebrows as he thought of the answer. His professors have once again had the glorious idea to give their students a hell lot of assignments all at the same time without apparent reason, leaving the student to do his homework constantly and have almost no time left for himself and his relationship. He still came over to Namjoon’s of course, he liked it a lot more there than at his own apartment, so much that he had thought about asking the elder about maybe moving in at some point but he had decided to wait some more, he didn’t want to rush into anything and regret it later on after all.

It had been a bit of a struggle to find into his sub role once the elder had asked him to. It wasn’t like he didn’t want to, one half of his mind was screaming for a well-deserved break but the other half just didn’t want to fit into that role at the moment, struggling with letting go from all the stress and allowing Namjoon to guide him. He knew he had his imaginary wall up, that he was bristling when Namjoon told him to do something and he needed to calm himself so he wouldn’t snap at the other about how much he didn’t want to hear any of his sweet words.

He wanted to be grumpy.

But he couldn’t, not with his dom so he tried to calm down, smooth out his spikes so he wasn’t like a hedgehog curled up into a protective ball and hidden away from the world. He just needed to uncurl and let his dom pick him up and do all the protecting for him, that’s really all he needed to do but it was difficult. It took quite long and Namjoon

knew the younger was struggling, his body stressed and his mind unable to decide whether to let go or to stay focused because he didn't have time.

The lawyer knew the student was stressed but that was exactly why he did this. They didn't have anything planned for the evening and he wanted Yoongi to calm down a bit and release some of his pent up frustration and stress but he needed the younger to cooperate. If he wasn't able to sort out his mind it wouldn't be of any use and he might just end up stressing the student even further with his demands so he approached slowly, giving him very simple tasks like putting away his jacket and shoes neatly, putting a pillow on the floor, sitting down on the pillow at the coffee table, giving the elder his pencil case so he could pic out what pen the student should use and some other small things. Those weren't the usual things someone might suggest to get their partner into the right headspace but it wasn't about having sexy time right now, it was about Yoongi allowing himself to give up control and it started with letting someone else decide what pen to use.

Letting him kneel right now or do something for Namjoon would be too much, his mind would shut down and maybe even shut out Namjoon as well which would be the worst case scenario since it would have the complete opposite effect. People are easy to drive up the walls and to agitate but it took quite a feat to calm them down, to calm the strong waves until the surface was smooth and allowed someone to guide it without swallowing them up.

This is what the lawyer was currently working on, the smooth out Yoongi until he allowed him to gain complete control. It took a lot of effort, sure, but demanding complete obedience right of the bat would be like arguing with a screaming child or trying to tell a growling and barking dog to calm down. It just didn't work and usually had the very much opposite effect of the intended one.

He knew Yoongi needed to relax from time to time and not stress too much and it was difficult for him to do that while he still had complete control over what he did so Namjoon decided to slowly take that from him.

His gaze fell onto the glass on the table, Yoongi having drunk most of it already and probably not thinking much about it at the moment. The lawyer just smiled and waited until it was completely empty before he stood back up again, refilled it with water and brought it back to the table where he put it down in front of a very much

confused looking student, the mint-haired furrowing his eyebrows slightly and glancing at his dom unsurely, not really knowing why the older wanted him to jug down liters of water. He hesitated for a little while, needing some encouragement before he started sipping on the big glass again while doing his work.

Namjoon watched attentively and drawing small circles into the boy's hairline at the back of his neck with his nails, making him halt his writing for a short second before he continued. The lawyer slowly, very slowly, moved his way up, massaging the student's scalp, giving him yet another glass of water before going back to massaging. He glanced at his essay from time to time, seeing that he wrote the last words of his summing up statement and buried his hand in his hair to pull his head back once he was finished, a set of curious and questioning eyes looking up at him.

"Are you done, baby?" Namjoon asked and Yoongi swallowed, wetting his lips. "With this essay, sir. I still need to do something for my other few classes and I have to write a review and evaluation and I need to-nngh…" the small speech was interrupted by a firm tug on his hair.

"Not now, you'll be leaving this for tomorrow," Namjoon said and Yoongi's eyes widened slightly, an argument already bubbling up in his throat but he swallowed it with some difficulties as his dom raised an eyebrow at him, just continuing to look at him instead. "Instead I want you to prepare something to eat for me and you. I feel like sandwiches today so you'll be doing that. You know where everything is." It was intentional that Namjoon said 'me' first because he was the one Yoongi needed to care for first but everything regarding food and other self-care he never prohibited so he made sure Yoongi prepared food for himself as well when he made something for Namjoon, just that the older was the first priority as a sign of respect.

He could see the younger's inner struggle of leaving his work once his hair was released but he took a calming breath and nodded his head, not needing to say anything if Namjoon hadn't asked a question, which he hadn't, and when he was still struggling with his sub role he usually avoided addressing the older when it wasn't necessary and Namjoon was fine with that.

Something many people didn't understand about a dom is how they made their partners submit. The statement in itself was already wrong because no one really could make someone else submit if they didn't want to. If there was someone who truly did not want to follow their dom's orders, rules and commands and acted out because of that they

needed to reconsider their relationship. A dom cannot force someone to submit, that would be abuse and this is where the difference was. Subs chose to submit to their doms because they want to, because they trust them and because they enjoy it, take pleasure from it. Anything else was not a real, healthy D/s relationship but abuse and unhealthy manipulation.

If Yoongi didn't want to do something he could very well say no and walk away. Namjoon would try to upkeep his role and their dynamic and punish the younger if he continued to refuse but if he said no to that as well and persisted continuously he would have to back off because lawfully Yoongi had every right to refuse, nothing bound him to obeying their rules except for his own free will.

Namjoon wished more people would get this, especially those few newbie doms who thought they just had to be harsh enough to earn respect. No, real respect for your dom is not based on fear, which is essentially what they are creating, it's based on willingness, acceptance and trust. Willingness to let someone have control over you, acceptance of the dom to be that person and trusting them to know what's best for you and how to handle everything.

In this situation, if the lawyer would insist on Yoongi always calling him sir, he would, in his opinion and this kind of relationship, force Yoongi into a corner. The sentence 'yes, sir' would loose its meaning completely and just be a repetitive mantra because the sub had to follow the dom's lead and basically accept everything except for when they safeworded. So why let such a mantra sneak into their relationship if Namjoon could instead use it to his advantage to make his sub actively say he was agreeing to something in a situation that called for it like asking if he had understood something. It made it so much more meaningful in his opinion and others might not think so but that is their relationship. Everyone had to figure out their own things and Yoongi was someone who wouldn't deal well with these kind of rules.

A good dom doesn't take pride in making someone submit to them, they take pride in that someone willingly submits to them.

There was a very, very big difference.

"Sir, where would you like to eat?" Yoongi asked quietly, looking around the corner of the kitchen at the older who was still seated on the couch. "Set the table, baby. Tell me once you're ready," Namjoon said.

The student nodded his head and disappeared again, the sound of tableware and plates being set out echoing quietly. Yoongi came to get Namjoon as promised once he was finished, sitting down opposite of the older and starting with his meal after Namjoon had taken the first bite. The lawyer had taken the glass from the living room with him, filling it up again and urging Yoongi to continue drinking, a faint sigh leaving the student's lips because he really, really didn't want to drink any more water and he felt like his stomach was already bloated, not getting why his dom was being so persistent about this

They ate in silence, Yoongi emptying his glass and just hoping Namjoon wouldn't make him drink another one and deciding to go to the bathroom once they had finished their little dinner.

Sadly it seemed Namjoon had other plans, taking his sub's wrist once he had put the dishes away and taking him to the bedroom but not before taking something from the fridge.

"Strip off everything except your shirt, baby."

Yoongi took a shuddering breath and complied, feeling a bit giddy all of the sudden. He kind of wanted Namjoon to make him forget everything for a while, to feel small and helpless, completely at his mercy and unable to do anything on his own without being told to. There was the nagging thought of work in the back of his mind but the part that was exhausted and just wanted to be taken care of and *submit completely* was starting to get louder by the second, his chest still feeling the slightest bit constricted but it went away once he was bare except for his shirt and Namjoon wrapped an arm around his waist to pull him up against his body, the bare skin of his legs rubbing against the material of the elder's jeans and it made him sigh in some kind of relief, resting his forehead against his dom's shoulder as one of his thighs pushed between his legs, steadying him slightly.

He resisted the urge to roll his hips ever so slowly, not really because he was horny, just to feel the faintest bit of pressure against his crotch to ground him but of course he wasn't allowed to so he held still, breathing evenly and deep while Namjoon massaged his lower back, his eyes flying open only upon something slippery and extremely cold being pushed into him steadily. A gasp fell him his lips and his flinched, tensing up at the freezing sensation of a cold glass plug stretching him gently.

The lawyer started mouthing as his sub's jaw, slowly working his way towards his mouth and pulling him into a sensual and deep kiss, still

pressing him against his chest and moving the plug back and forth ever so slowly. The feeling was so nice, Yoongi's knees trembling slightly and his body felt like it was melting, the tension leaving his shoulders and the constant stress being lifted off of him like a fog that had been clouding his mind. He breathed heavily as Namjoon pulled away, dick hardening against the elder's thigh and skin starting to feel sweaty.

"Feels so good, Sir," he breathed out, the words incredibly faint and Namjoon smiled, kissing his sub's forehead. "Go on and make sir feel good as well. Come on, baby, on your knees."

Yoongi complied easily, slowly sinking down onto his knees and undoing his dom's pants carefully, dragging them down and shuddering as he saw his erection, leaning in and licking up the length slowly, sucking on the tip and lapping up the beads of precum that had already formed. He dared to get bolder, allowing more of the elder's length to sink into his mouth, swallowing around him and trying to keep his breath even as he continued working his way down. It took him a while before his throat was relaxed and he looked up at Namjoon with awaiting eyes, his cock heavy on his tongue and his hands holding onto the back of the lawyer's thighs, the elder burying a hand in his sub's minty hair, making sure to have a good grip.

He started pushing the younger's head down his length before pulling him off again only to repeat this procedure, thrusts growing stronger. Small sounds fell from Yoongi's mouth, breathing through his nose in an attempt to get enough air and trying to swallow around the elder's length, lips slick with spit and cheeks flushed.

"That's a good sub, taking me all the way in," Namjoon said huskily, eyes blown wide in arousal as Yoongi whined in confirmation, clinging to his legs almost desperately. "Look how far you can go," the lawyer continued, pulling Yoongi forward until his nose bumped into his skin, all of him disappearing down his throat. The younger gurgled brokenly, nails scratching over the dom's skin at the back of his thighs but the student knew to tap his leg strongly if he felt the need to stop so he didn't worry, keeping him where he was for a while longer before pulling him off completely and letting him gag and gasp for air before doing it again.

He did this several times, Yoongi turning into a coughing mess almost and struggling against his dom's firm grip as he whimpered brokenly, vision turning hazy as his throat constricted to get rid of the object that blocked his airways, tears pooling in his eyes and slipping down

his cheeks but Namjoon wasn't affected and continued pleasuring himself with his sub's mouth.

Just the way Yoongi liked it. He liked being used as a toy sometimes, almost like he was a doll for Namjoon to play around with, just focusing on his own pleasure and not caring for Yoongi's which sent his brain into a frenzy and his body into overdrive, cock incredibly hard between his legs.

"Look at you baby, mouth full of dick and still so desperate," Namjoon said with a smirk, the younger whining in a choked up way and looking up at his dom with tearful eyes. "What a pitiful little thing you are," he cooed in a mocking manner, thrusting into the boy's mouth at a slightly faster pace before forcing him all the way down and keeping him there, ignoring all the whines and scratching on his legs, pulling him off once he felt it was enough and watching as Yoongi almost collapsed onto the floor, breathing desperately and coughing heavily as he tried to even out his breathing again and calm his racing heartbeat even if just slightly.

He was still panting as Namjoon leaned down slightly and forced him to look up into his eyes by grabbing onto his chin. His gaze was hazy, eyes glossy with tears and cheeks splotchy red but he was looking at Namjoon and that was enough for the dom, leaving the boy for a moment on the floor to grab two bundles or red rope and a pair of nipple clamps that were connected by a chain. He helped Yoongi out of his shirt before tying his hands together, his sub just watching with laboured breathing and a quick heartbeat. He already looked so pretty with just his hands tied, sitting on the floor so innocently but Namjoon wasn't done just yet, moving the student so he could tie his ankles together as well with a bit of rope left between them. The rope looked so beautiful on him, the picture almost complete now.

The clamps were attached to the mint-haired perky nipples, whimpering faintly at the pinching sensation and feeling his nipples almost pulsating under the pressure. Namjoon almost cooed out loud, moving behind Yoongi so he could lift him off the floor, one arms around his chest and one around his stomach. The younger almost cried out upon being lifted, knees buckling and body curling up, hands pressed against his crotch and whimpers spilling from his lips, eyes screwed shut.

Namjoon smirked, pleased that his plan was working and pressed his hand more against the younger's stomach who in turn whined loudly and rubbed his legs together. "S-sir… si-ir pleas-Aah… n-need to…

hnngh- AAh!”

“Need to what?” the lawyer pried with an raised eyebrow. “What do you need, baby?” he asked calmly, trying to keep the obvious smirk out of his voice.

“Pee!” Yoongi whimpered loudly, writhing around but Namjoon was not about to let go. “Oh, you will baby, you will.” He pulled him over to the bed, sitting against the headboard and positioning Yoongi above his lap, his bound feet forcing him to rely on Namjoon to keep him steady for now, whimpering as the older reached around and slowly pulled out the plug. He took Yoongi soft hips into his hands again and positioned him above his slicked up member, pulling him down steadily and the younger all but wailed, whole buddy shuddering and chest jerking in attempts to breathe. “Move, baby,” Namjoon said without waiting, tugging on the chain that connected the nipple clamps as the student didn’t react fast enough, doing it another time until Yoongi steadied himself with his tied up hands on his dom’s chest and began lifting his hips slowly, whimpering at the drag and the pulling in his gut that was not him being about to come.

He tried going slow but the lawyer wouldn’t allow that of course, tugging on the chain until Yoongi went faster, his nipples overly sensitive and swollen. He could feel all the water he had drunken previously sloshing around in his stomach with every move, his dick incredibly hard and the pulling sensation getting even stronger, becoming painful even and he cried a bit, tears slipping from his eyes as humiliation washed over his body, not wanting to let go but it got more and more difficult to hold off.

“Sir, p-please Angh! I-It h-hurts!” he cried, trying to slow down again but Namjoon just tugged on the chain and made him pick up his pace again, his sub wailing loudly. “Please, p-please, please,” he begged, crying out whenever there was a harsh tug on his nipples because he just couldn’t stop trying to slow down.

“Hmm… it hurts?” Namjoon asked and Yoongi cried out a ‘yes, sir’, having hoped for a different response than his dom smirking evilly. “Good.” He bucked up his hips, Yoongi screaming and digging his nails into the elder’s chest who grunted in return, repeating the action and ignoring his sub’s please to stop, something he liked to do when he was being pushed to his limits and was really into it but nothing the elder had to worry about since the sub knew how to use his safeword. “Let go, baby, come on, let it all come out,” he said, rubbing the distressed boy’s sides while continuing his ministration, Yoongi

crying almost hysterically. “I-I c-c-can’t please, p-please AAAH!”

“You’ll feel better. Let it out, baby. Show Sir how much you have inside of you, let it all drip out,” he murmured, starting to massage his sub’s stomach and Yoongi sobbed, throwing his head from side to side and squirming. “Aah, no, n-no,” he whimpered, choking on his spit as Namjoon bucked up into him again. “I wanna see everything inside of you, make it all come out, baby,” the lawyer continued huskily, pressing against his sub’s stomach and the student cried out loudly, tensing up and stilling, holding his breath and eyes going wide before his body slumped and Namjoon welt something warm slowly spilling over his stomach, his sub whimpering pitifully and crying softly in relief, unable to stop the flow or urine that went on and on, all the water he had drunken earlier spilling over his dom’s lap and onto the blanket which thankfully repelled liquid. Namjoon always planned ahead after all, almost not realizing he had already spilled inside of his sub.

He waited patiently, slowly rotating his hips and bucking gentle, Yoongi falling forward into his chest and moaning softly at each movement. Even once the flow slowed down Namjoon still managed to press out more by bucking up his hips, the mint-haired whimpering at the drag before he was completely drained of all water inside of him, lying bonelessly on top of his dom who ran a hand through his sweaty hair and down his back for several minutes before sitting up slowly and pulling a whimpering Yoongi off his softening chock.

“Such a good boy, you did so well,” he cooed, his sub completely out of it and gaze unfocused. The younger tried to form words but only incoherent babbles fell from his lips so he gave up, Namjoon murmuring praise into his ear for a while longer before slowly moving off the bed with him, keeping him upright because the younger’s legs were shaking way too much to carry his weight, rope still in place. Namjoon removed the blanket he had thrown over the bed, putting it into a plastic clothes basket outside of the room while still holding Yoongi. He picked him up once his other arm was free, leaving the blanket for when he had made sure his sub was doing fine and had fallen asleep.

He ran them a bath, Yoongi still too far gone to register anything, the older carefully removing the soft rope. He washed both of them, gentle as he washed the younger who just leaned back onto him a breathed softly, eyes half lidded and mind void of any thought. Namjoon didn’t stop talking to him though, kissing his cheeks and head whenever he could even as he dried him off and dressed him in

soft cotton shorts and a top for the night, carrying to bed and tugging him in, thanking him for his services in a loving voice. He laid down next to him for now, humming softly and holding the boy close until his breath had evened out.

Making sure to work quickly, he took care of the remaining cleaning up left to do before slipping under the blankets again and gathering his lover in his arms, nuzzling close to him and feeling content to the bone.

Yoongi woke up to a smiling Namjoon, needing quite a while to register he had woken up and wasn't asleep anymore.

"Good morning, sunshine," the older sang sweetly and the student released a deep breath, tugging his head under the other's chin and nuzzling close while closing his eyes again, bathing in the feeling of utter relaxation and contentedness for the time being. "Did you sleep well?" Namjoon continued and Yoongi hummed softly into his chest. "Felt so good," he sighed happily and the lawyer chuckled. "That's my job, pumpkin."

The mint-haired nudged him until he rolled over onto his back, dragging his body on top of him and almost groaning contently. "'s good." They just continued to lie there, one of the lawyer's hands on his lover's lower back while the other massaged the back of his head, Yoongi feeling like he was on cloud nine and never wanting it to stop but sadly his bladder had other plans, making him grumble in a displeased manner and get up once he felt like he was about to burst.

"This is your fault," he hissed at Namjoon who just laughed at him. "But you loved it, pumpkin. I almost lost it when you were begging and crying like that. You looked so hot."

Yoongi huffed out a breath. "Yeah and you almost killed my bladder, thanks for that."

"Naw, honey, don't be like that," Namjoon said, pulling the other back on top of him with his back to his chest and tickled his sides. "Fucking hell, Namjoon!" Yoongi yelped between laughters. "Stop it or I'll-"

"Go ahead," the elder purred and got smacked for that once his boyfriend had freed himself. "No thanks, idiot. I need to get back to

my homework after this.”

Namjoon waited patiently for his boyfriend to return, preparing everything for his plan already and charging as soon as the younger stepped into the room again, shrieking as he was dragged forward and thrown onto the bed, having no time to protest before he was rolled around, unable to wiggle out of the blanket around his body. “Namjoon!” he called in warning but the older just continued, adding two more blankets and always rolling Yoongi in a different direction until he was pleased with his work, grinning down at his unimpressed sushi/burrito boyfriend. “Perfect,” he said and the younger rolled his eyes with a groan, squirming but unable to free himself. “Joonie,” he whined and tried kicking his legs. “This isn’t funny. I have work to do.”

“No, you have a breakfast to eat, no homework until then,” he said and picked up the grumpy sushi roll. “What do you want? Pancakes or rice?”

Yoongi continued his sulky pouting for a while but his hunger won over in the end. “Pancakes,” he muttered. “With apples.”

“Okay, love.”

“But get this thing off me,” he grumbled, squirming again to prove his point but Namjoon just laughed. “But you look so cute.”

“Namjoon!”

“Fine, fine.”

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